

PUCK



GLACKENS

THE FUTURE OF THE TICKER.

MUSEUM ATTENDANT (*in 1925*).— These instruments, known as stock-tickers, were in use in Wall Street up to the year 1914. They were abandoned when the public got out of the market, and they are now very rare.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
935-939 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1923. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

THE HUSKY WEAKLING.

WHAT is this incredible news that comes from the capital? Information has reached Washington, says a dispatch, that Great Britain and Germany have entered into an offensive and defensive commercial alliance against the United States. The two Powers mentioned will unite, it is said, to check the growth of American commerce in every market in which it competes with German and British interests. Democrats will read this piece of rumor with deep emotion. Why should two first-class commercial Powers, such as Germany and Great Britain, find it necessary to defend themselves against the competition of the United States? What was the solemn warning of the Republicans all through the last Presidential campaign? What, indeed, had been their solemn warning for years? Once remove or materially lower the protective tariff, and foreign competition would rush upon the business interests of the United States, even as the barbarians of the north rushed upon degenerate Rome. It would all be over but the groaning. There would be nothing to it but to write the word FINIS in deep, black letters. Well, the tariff has been materially lowered, in some instances altogether removed, and the result is staggering. Germany and Great Britain, instead of rushing over the borders of the United States and utterly demoralizing American business with the cheapness and superiority of their wares, think it advisable to unite for a defensive as well as an offensive warfare against these same American business interests. What's the answer,

vulgarly speaking? Can it be that the American business man has underestimated himself and the excellence of his goods and methods? Has he really thought all along that he was nothing more than a poor tariff dependent, a subsidized weakling, just because a lot of Republican politicians with axes to grind told him so? What a surprise it must be to him to learn the contrary, and to hear that two great European Powers so seriously regard his competition in the open markets of

the world that they see no prospect of "crushing him" and "driving him out of existence," as Republican platforms foretold, but feel the necessity of an international union merely to hold their own against him! American business seems to have been grossly misinformed about itself.

THE officers of the Army and the Navy who recently received a reprimand of the "sharp" variety have cause to congratulate themselves on the accident of birth which gave them being upon American soil. Their offense lay in staging a playful indiscretion, the words and plot of which were disrespectful to the Administration's policy in the Philippines, and they owned to a slight grievance when the President of the United States took seriously what they said was "only fun." As we intimated, these military gentlemen are lucky to be wearing the United States uniform. Were they in any foreign service, and there committed a similar playful indiscretion, we do not think the plea of "we were only fooling" would be very effectual; nor would a reprimand be the ultimate finish. It does not require the gift of imagination to figure what the Kaiser, for example, would have done to a dinner-party of officers who made light of his administrative policies.

A DARING scientist attached to Johns Hopkins University is about to try the experiment of making a man of a monkey. If he is looking for tips, there are any number of women who will tell him how they made monkeys of men.



DOPED.

ANOTHER "NEEDLE" OUTRAGE.

BALLADE OF AFFIRMATIVES.

ITOLD her that the rose was fair,
But she was fairer than the rose;
I told her that her rippling hair—
The sport of every breeze that blows!—
Was brighter than the golden glows
Of dawn, and that for one small tress
I'd give my blood that bounding goes;
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

I said her blue eyes were a pair
Of brilliant sapphires set in snows
Unmelting and as pure and rare
As e'er on mountain tops repose:
And such a dainty, scornful nose!
I told her all that I possess
I'd give to kiss her lips' sweet bows;
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

I said she drove me to despair,
I urged her to assuage my woes;
Her dimples darted here and there;
I looked so foolish, I suppose!
"Your mortgage on my heart foreclose,"
I said. "Rid me of doubt's distress!
You could reward me if you chose!"
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

L'ENVOI.

Accepted, Prince? Jove only knows!
Rejected? That I'm left to guess!
I know not, though I did propose,
For all she said to me was—"Yes?"

THE HAUNTED MAN.

AGAIN that ringing in his ears! It was the
warning he had dreaded. He knew his
time had come. Yet, although he had started
at the sound, he seemed half-dazed and wholly
careless of the consequences.

But still the ringing in his ears!
"Drat it!" he finally said, and springing from
bed the care-worn commuter shut off the alarm-
clock and proceeded to dress for the 7:10 train.

REASON ENOUGH.

"WHY do you hate her?"
"Because if she knew you as well as I
do I am sure she would love you just as much.
In a word, I am jealous of her."

NATURE'S WONDERS.

SWIPES.—Say, Chimmie! I wuz out in de
country yesterday.
CHIMMIE.—Wha' 'd yeh see dere?
SWIPES.—Lots o' grass what you need n't
keep off'n, by jing!

CONTINUAL DROPPING.

"ONCE again," said the able editor of the
Allegash *Agitator*, "has the power of the
Press made itself felt. For more than seven years
we have been clamoring, conscientiously and
continuously, in season and out of season, for a
new depot here, and now the P. D. Q. Railroad
has decided to accede to our demand and erect
one. The old depot burned down last Thurs-
day night amid thunders of applause!"

A POSER.

"WHAT is the Latin word for potato?"
asked the village trustee.
"Why," said the would-be school-teacher,
"potatoes were brought from Virginia by Sir
Walter—"
"Answer my question if you can!" said the
trustee sharply; "and if you can't, say so!"
And he subsequently told everybody in the
village how he "stuck him."



THE MACHINE AND THE FACE.

An "All-American" Football Team, selected by "Puck's" Nameless Expert.



Gammerdinger. Menelik. Rafferty. Goldgrabber. Trombetta. Jensen. Wun Lung. St. Germaine. Dog-Chase-His-Tail. Koplitzky. Shin-Ski-Hai.



AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
THE BASHFUL YOUNG MAN BUYS A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS.

THE TIMES AND THE FASHIONS.



THE PAST.

Wide Skirts and Narrow Doors.



THE PRESENT.

Wide Doors and Narrow Skirts.

SETTLED DOWN.



EB. BROWN he was a steady lad
Who worked from dawn till dark;
He never knew of boyish fun,
Or had a boyish lark;
And all the neighbors praised him up—
"That son of Farmer Brown,
Who seems so kind of sensible,
So old and settled down."

And as he grew in size and age
His habits were the same;
He worked and worked, and still he held
For steadiness his name.
He never went out with the boys,
Or painted red the town;
He married a good and quiet girl,
"And went and settled down."

The other boys whom he had known,
Ambitious, sought for fame;
One died the Gov'nor of the State,
One gained a hero's name.
But still Eb.'s course had steady been,
He sought no praise, renown—
"Let others roam, I'll stay at home,"
Said he, "and settle down."

A few days since I passed the place
Where he is laid to rest
(For long the churchyard grass has grown
Above that tired breast).
And even here it is the same
For Ebenezer Brown—
The very grave wherein he lies,
Like him, has settled down.

HIS CONCLUSION.

"E-R-H'M!" remarked old Farmer Hawbuck, ruefully regarding the package of nice, clean sawdust which he had purchased under the impression that it contained green goods, "it 'pears to be easy enough to git somethin' for nothin', but after a feller has got it—dod-blitter it!—he generly finds that it ain't wuth the price!"

THE JURY'S ACTION.

"WHEN you poke a toad," said old Farmer Hornbeak, philosophically, "you can't tell which way he will jump, nor how far; an' it is jest about the same way with the average jury."

"That so?" returned young Jay Green, in a non-committal way.

"Yep. For instance, in the case of Plunk Jarvis, who has jest been tried over at Kickyhasset Court House for pullin' out his brother-in-law's whiskers by the roots in a fight, the jury discharged Plunk an' fined his brother-in-law ten cents, the regular price of a shave."

ONE beauty of the hardy ivy plant is that while it climbs it never for one instant loses its grip.



THE HUMAN ANIMAL.

MOTHER (a member of the S. P. C. A.)—John! John! Will you never learn to behave at table? Take your elbows off the cloth at once!

To the victors belong the spoils: Maybe this is why so many are spoiled by success.

THE BRIGHTEST BOY.



At school there always was a boy who stood above the rest,
From "jography" to "rithmetic" his record was the best.
The teacher used to turn to him and murmur with a sigh:
"If all of you 've forgotten we'll let Johnny tell us why."
And Johnny'd up and spout it all without a single "er;"
And then the teacher'd smile at him and he'd smile back at her.
He was n't much to look at, and he never broke a rule,
But you can bet we envied him when were in the school!

But sometimes, when the school let out and snow was on the ground,
There'd be a sort of signal and the clan would gather round;

And when our little Johnny came,—tho' nothing much was said,—
We'd find a frosty drift of snow to cool that mighty head.
We'd throw him in, and pull him out, and say 't was all in play,
And use the soft and lovely snow to wipe his tears away.
Although he *was* the brightest boy and never broke a rule,
I don't believe we envied him when he was *out* of school!

J. H. H.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"MY LOVE," said Diogenes to his wife, as the curtain fell after the first act of the tragedy, "I am going out for a moment to see an honest man."

And although her beautiful eyes said plainly: "I am onto you!" he heeded not, but went.

'T is better to have loved and been divorced than never to have loved at all.

I F SMART people never made any mistakes there would be pretty lean pickings for fools.



AT COOGAN'S OBSEQUIES.

CASEY (in a scandalized whisper).—Phwat is Rafferty laughin' at, the baste?

NOONAN.—'T is said he owed Coogan money.

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

MAY KISSAM.—I 'm afraid papa would make a scene if he came home and found you here.

JACK WILLING.—I just left him at the club; he won't be home very early.

MAY KISSAM.—How do you know?

JACK WILLING.—He was two hundred in the hole when I left.

T HE average sheriff would certainly hate to be known by the sort of company he keeps.



LITTLE HIAWATHA'S IDEA OF GRANDPA IN HEAVEN.



DESIGN FOR A MEXICAN BORDER.

WHY NOT AUCTION THEM OFF?

THE AUCTIONEER.—Ladies and gentlemen, I now invite your bids on an unusually choice collection of foreign noblemen, Lot No. 66. This lot, as you will see by referring to your catalogues, includes two of the British nobility—a duke and a lord—a French count, and a Russian prince. We'll begin with the duke. Jim, just stand His Grace up alongside of me, where the people can see him.

ATTENDANT.—Yessir. I've stood him, sir.

AUCTIONEER.—That's the idea. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will never have a better opportunity in your lives than this to acquire a title for your favorite daughter. A few years ago, remember, His Grace, the Duke of Tottenham, was not to be had by an American at any price, but since the British tax reforms were introduced His Grace is willing to sacrifice himself to the highest bidder. Who will give me a starter? Come, now!

PITTSBURGH MILLIONAIRE.—Three million dollars!

AUCTIONEER.—Three million dollars are bid. Three million dollars. Do I hear three million and a half? This is for a real duke, remember. Three millions and a half?

RAILROAD MAGNATE.—Three and a half.

AUCTIONEER.—Thank you, sir. Three millions and a half are bid. Anybody give me four millions? Four mil— Beg pardon, sir, but what was it you asked?

WESTERN CATTLE-KING.— I asked could I look him over?

AUCTIONEER.— Certainly, sir, certainly. Jim, just pass His Grace around among the ladies and gentlemen. Take your time, ladies and gentlemen; no hurry at all. His Grace will bear the minutest inspection; no fakes are offered for sale in these auction-rooms, remember. Glance at his clothes and note the distinction which he imparts to them. The brilliant uniform he wears is that of the Royal Red Hussars, of which he is the Honorary Sergeant-Major. His Grace has a war record, gentlemen, having been in no less than three retreats during the Boer War in South Africa. Do I hear four million? Four million? Four mil—

WESTERN CATTLE-KING.— Four million bucks.

WALL-STREET POTENTATE.— Five million!

AUCTIONEER.—Ah! That is something like. Now we are getting down to work. Five million dollars are bid. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, what goes with this purchase. A family name that makes William the Conqueror look modern. Peerage created by Alfred the Great in one of his greatest moments. Ancestral family seat, Downatheel Castle, Tottenhamshire. Blood so blue it looks like the Danube. The American girl who marries him will be Duchess of Tottenham, don't forget that. Who'll be his father-in-law? Five millions are bid.

LITTLE GIRL (in a whisper).—Papa! Papa! Please buy him for me.

HER FATHER (a lumber magnate).—What, Goldie! Why, child, you're not old enough to be married! You were only ten last birthday.

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, please, papa! I think you're awfully mean if you don't.

AUCTIONEER.—Five millions are bid. Five millions. Do I hear six? Anybody give me six? Six millions! Going—going—going at six millions! Going at six millions and a half—do I hear it? Going—

LITTLE GIRL.—Please, please, papa! Buy him and keep him for me till I am old enough to be a duchess. Please do, papa, and I won't ask you for a single new automobile this year. Oh, please, papa!

AUCTIONEER.—Going at six millions. Going—going—

LUMBER MAGNATE.—And a half! There, Goldie! Now I hope you're satisfied, although gosh knows what your mother will say to this.

AUCTIONEER.—Six and a half are bid. Six millions and a half for a genuine English duke. Anybody raise it? The last chance. Going at six and a half! Going—going—gone! Sold for six millions and a half to—what name, sir?

LUMBER MAGNATE.—Stackson Stumps.

AUCTIONEER.—Sold to Mr. Stackson Stumps for six million and a half of dollars. Now, if you'll just step around to the desk, Mr. Stumps. Our rule is ten per cent. deposit on all purchases. Put a sold tag on the duke, Jim, and trot out that Russian prince. Where will you have the duke sent, Mr. Stumps, or shall we hold him here subject to your orders?

LUMBER MAGNATE.—Oh, put him in some good cold-storage plant for about eight years. Come, Goldie. If you ever get your old dad to an auction sale again you'll know it, my lady. Come along!



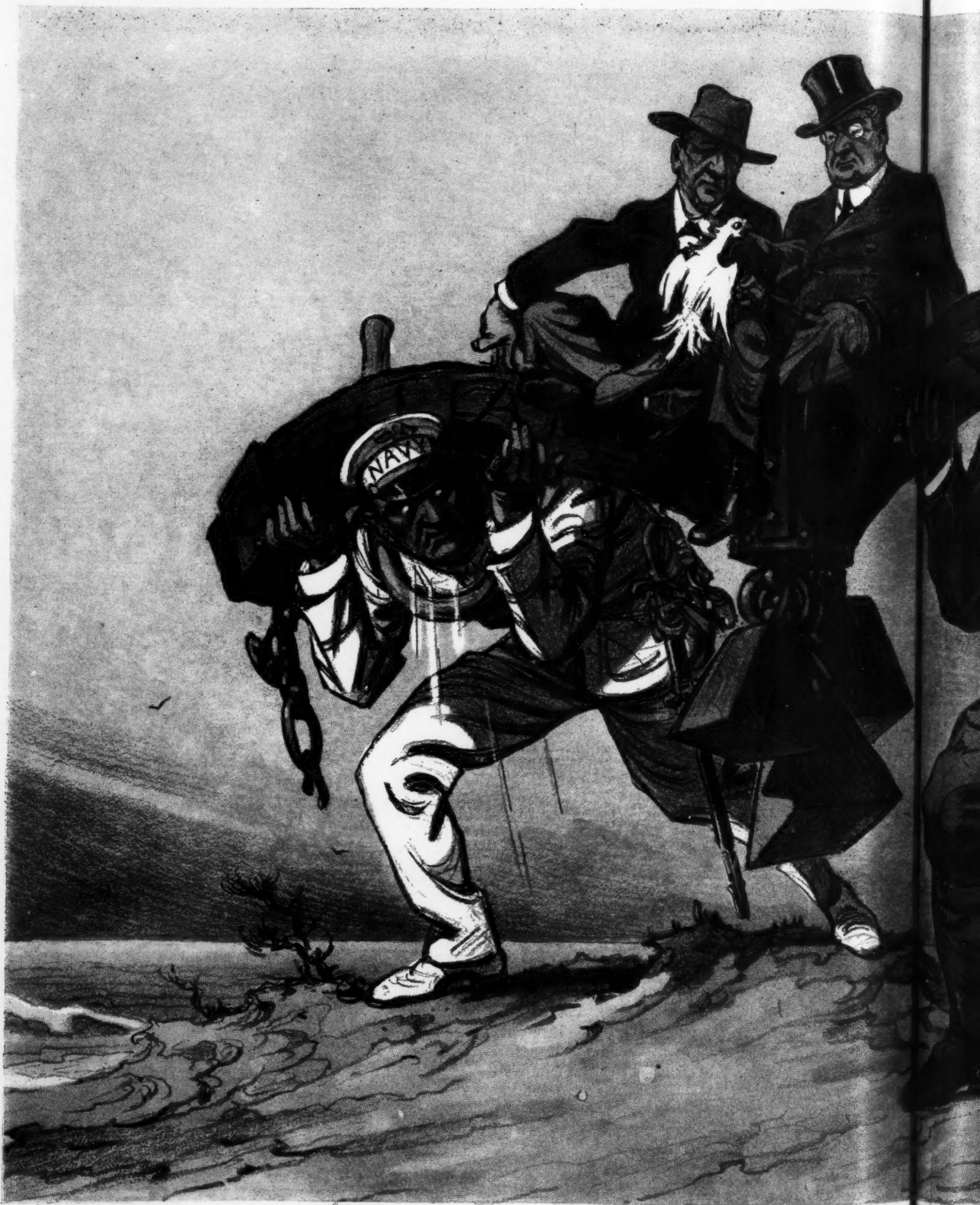
ON OTHER SHOULDERS.

JONES.—Don't you think bachelors should be taxed to support fatherless children?

BROWN.—Sure! Then I could drop my life-insurance!

THE man who won't see his own errors is playing himself with clogged dice.

Be careful always to treat Dame Fortune so that her smile does not degenerate into a horse-laugh.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE YOKE
AS THE UNIFORM VIEWS T

PUCK



THE YOKE.
FORM VIEWS THE FROCK-COAT.



PUCK



SONG OF THE STEAM.

WHEN the garments of Night are waxing thin,
And the air is chill and gray,
Out of the depths there swells a Jinn,
Chanting his roundelay.
He hurls me back with ruthless fist
From the door of my fairest dream,
And, lo! from my humble cot I list
To the strenuous voice of Steam.

Far down in the basement I hear it start
With "bubble" and "bang" and "crack;"
Shouting apace from a joyous heart,
It follows its winding track.
"Rattlety-tattle" and "clinkety-clink,"
"Gurgle" and "bump" and "snap"—
Farewell to the bliss of the early wink;
Farewell to the morning nap!

It sings of the janitor, jeans-betogged,
Poking the slothful fire;
It sings of the pipes all waterlogged,
Of valves in torment dire.
It sings of beings with wrath beset,
And of eyes that close in vain;
It sings of the dreams that I almost get,
But never, no never, attain!

E. L. S.

A WARNING TO GIGGLERS.

ONCE there was a very young man by the name of Rollo, who went to call on a girl. He was a bit nervous about it, because calling on girls was not Rollo's regular occupation. It was merely a side-line in his spare time.

The night Rollo called, the girl had what is known as the "giggles." She simply could n't help laughing. She said herself, often, that when she had the giggles she laughed at everything. It didn't have to be funny. But Rollo did not know this. He thought, Rollo did, that the



AN EXCUSABLE GROUCH.

THE PAMPERED PUP.—No wonder he's thin and cross. Nobody feeds him.

girl was laughing at the things he said, and as the evening wore away he fairly glowed with his new-found ability. No matter what he said, the girl laughed. Sometimes she even laughed hysterically at what he was about to say. At first Rollo was amazed at his success. Then he took it as a matter of course, his just due, and that was what ruined his young life.

"It was awfully silly, I know," gasped the fair young thing after Rollo's departure, "but when I get that way I can't help it. I hope he did n't think me rude—he's such a serious old poke."

Alas! She did n't suspect what mischief she had done. From that day on it was Rollo's firm conviction that he was a wit, predestined by Mother Nature to be the life of every party. He tried to live up to it wherever he went, and pretty soon people forgot to ask Rollo to come around. He was such a ghastly failure as a humorist that no one ever thought he had brains enough to be serious, so Rollo lost out on both counts. He became a cynic at twenty-one, and passed the remainder of his life in the reading-room of a Carnegie Library.

Moral: All is not laugh that giggles.

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



Eva's Honeymoon Engagement.

"T WAS the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring"—unfortunately we will have to give up what was a good idea right at the start, because nothing that we can think of will rime with house but mouse and souse. Neither is just what we are in search of, so we'll have to say in plain English prose that the people in the audience were few and far between, which was a disappointment, seeing that this was "our own Eva Tanguay's" honeymoon engagement, and we had pictured crowds being turned away from the doors, and a packed house clamoring for Eva to sing "I Don't Care." Eva did sing "I Don't Care," but we suspect the ushers of clamoring.

Even the orchestra showed their thoughts, as you will note in the above sketch. Eva Tanguay is said to have left the vaudeville circuit because Ethel Barrymore received five hundred dollars over what Miss Tanguay was offered. The injustice of this is quite evident, for Miss Barrymore is only an actress, while Eva Tanguay is a full-fledged artiste. Johnny Ford is the husband in the honeymoon engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Ford do a Tanguay Tango at the end of the show. Eva sings "It's All Been Done Before, but Not the Way I Do It," "I Want Some One to go Wild with Me," "Sticks and Stones May Break my Bones," and "There's a Method in My Madness."

W. E. Hill.

THE RICHEST PRODUCT OF THE BEST
OF MARYLAND'S FAMOUS DISTILLERIES



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Bound Volumes • of Puck • Make a Handsome Addition To Any Library.

1913, COMPLETE, BOUND IN TWO VOLUMES,
CLOTH, \$7.50. IN HALF MOROCCO, \$9.00 .

We also bind subscribers' copies, in Cloth, at \$1.25, or, in Half Morocco, at \$2.00 per volume.

ADDRESS, PUCK, NEW YORK.

OUR PRESIDENT!



From a Copyright Photograph
by Paul Dowd, N. Y.

PUCK'S PORTRAIT OF

Hon. Woodrow Wilson

In Colors Size 14x21 inches Price Ten Cents

SECURELY WRAPPED AND MAILED
ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

ALL patriotic Americans should have a copy of this life-like
picture, which has been pronounced by competent
critics to be the finest portrait on the market of the President.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York

THE HAPLESS HOST.

It is not mine to make a joke
Or drink a toast,
Not mine to contradict when folk
Their prowess boast.
'T is mine to list to Jones—the bore,
To greet his stories with a roar,
And, greatly daring, ask for more—
I am the host.

'T is mine to bid the guests sit down
In honeyed tones,
To carve the liver wing for Brown,
The breast for Jones.
To heap the plates with dainties rare;
To give each man the gourmet's share;
And make my dinner from the bare
Residual bone.

I hover round the evening through,
A silent ghost,
Complacently endured by few,
Ignored by most.
But let them flout me as they will,
One privilege is left me still,
That is—to liquidate the bill—
I am the host!—*London Opinion.*

OVERLOOKED.

A bridegroom is a person who
spends a lot of money buying himself
a wedding-suit that nobody notices.—
Dallas News.

Pears'

"Just soap," is good
enough for some, but most
women insist on having
Pears'. Ask some girl with
a good complexion—why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.

**The
Price of Quality**
does not include ocean freight
and import duty or a foreign
label. These things add nothing
to the flavor, life or bouquet
of a champagne. Buy
quality alone,

COOK'S
Imperial
Extra Dry
Champagne

exquisite of bouquet,
delicate of flavor, full
of sparkle. The difference
between the cost of Cook's and
imported champagnes
pays ocean freight
and import duty.

AMERICAN
WINE CO.
ST. LOUIS

15

FINANCE.



"And oh, Mr. Brown, I did n't get those shares you advised me to buy.
The man wanted more for them than when they were new, so of course I
did n't take them."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Ab-
bott's Ritters be used in making it: insures your getting
the very best. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

He put every cent he had into an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, says the
Argonaut, and at the end of four weeks his treasurer, with \$400 to the good,
skipped out during the night. So he said to himself: "I'll catch the cuss,"
and set the bloodhounds they had in the show on his trail. "Catch him?" he
said, in speaking of it later. "Sure they did. They caught up with him, and
he put chains around their necks and started another show."

A ce
cloud to
to breakf
inquiries
when he
husband.
Fina
the matter
"He
never spe

MR.
on de tick
MR.
unless h



"Ships of Sunshine"

Because they take you over smiling seas to the lands of sunshine and cheery skies, known the world over as the "American Mediterranean," including Porto Rico, Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Texas and Santo Domingo. You can choose no better route than these splendid big steamers of the AGWI Lines.

Write us today and let us plan your trip. Address:

Clyde Line To FLORIDA, calling at CHARLESTON and JACKSONVILLE with connections for all leading Southern resorts. "The best way South." From Pier 36, North River, New York.

Mallory Line To TEXAS, all points Southwest and Pacific Coast: GALVESTON, KEY WEST, TAMPA, ST. PETERSBURG, MOBILE. From Pier 45, North River, New York.

Porto Rico Line Steamer leaves New York every Saturday for SAN JUAN direct. Send for booklet and information about sailings, rates, etc. General Offices: 11 Broadway, New York.

Ward Line To BAHAMAS (NASSAU), HAVANA and ISLE OF PINES, CUBA, MEXICO and YUCATAN, with rail connections to all important interior cities. General Offices: Pier 14, East River, N. Y.

DISTRICT PASSENGER OFFICES

BOSTON—192 Washington Street
PHILADELPHIA—701 Chestnut Street
NEW YORK—290 Broadway
CHICAGO—444 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg.
WASHINGTON—1306 F. St., N. W.



FATHER MORIARTY.—Glory be to goodness, she's bolted! Sure, we'll be in the river in a jiffy!

PAT O'HAGAN.—'Deed, an' we will, your riverence. An' 'tis a dale of clanin' the blessed harness will take in the marnin'.—*Punch*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

HER THREAT.

A certain young couple who were married some months ago never had a cloud to mar their happiness until recently. One morning the young wife came to breakfast in an extremely sullen and unhappy mood. To all her husband's inquiries she returned snappish answers. She was in no better frame of mind when he came home that evening for dinner, all of which mystified the young husband.

Finally, late in the evening, in reply to his insistent demands to know what the matter was, the wife burst into tears and replied:

"Henry, if I ever dream again that you have kissed another woman, I'll never speak to you as long as I live!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

LUCIDLY EXPLAINED.

MR. JOHNSING.—Say, Mr. Dorman, what am de meaning of dis here line on de ticket whar it says "not transferable"?

MR. DORMAN.—Dat means, Bre'r Johnsing, dat no gen'leman am admitted unlessen he comes hisself.—*Exchange*.

THREE REQUESTS.

To the great god Buddha came the representatives of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish religions, to pay him homage. Buddha, very flattered, told each of them that if they would express a wish it would be fulfilled.

"What do you wish?" he asked the Catholic.

The answer was "Glory."

"You shall have it," said Buddha, and turning to the Protestant: "What do you wish?"

"Money."

"You shall have it."

"And you?" This to the Jew.

"I do not want much," quoth he; "give me the Protestant's address."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHY PREFERRED.

BILL.—They say Parisians smoke cigarettes made of the leaves of the coffee plant. Many who have tried them prefer them to tobacco cigarettes.

JILL.—There's a reason. Perhaps a man gets more coupons with them. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Shirley President Suspenders
50¢

Ease for muscles, clothes and temper

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles The C. A. Edgerton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Be Happy and Well While Traveling

Mothersill's Seasick Remedy

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water, endorsed by highest authorities and used by travelers the world over. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products, or their derivatives. Sold by leading druggists. 50c box enough for 24 hours. \$1.00 box for ocean voyage.

The One Dependable Preventative of Nausea.

A copy of Mothersill's Travel Book sent by request, without charge.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Detroit, Mich.

Also at 19 St. Bride Street, London; Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

A BENT FOR BILLS.

"Do you believe in women holding office?"

"Sure I do. Some day I'm going to run my wife for Congress on her knack of introducing bills into the house."—*St. Louis Republic*.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take-PUCK and Laugh!

Hell is Paved With Good Intentions

Obey that impulse now and subscribe for

Puck

The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☞ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☞ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☞ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☞ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer doesn't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck

NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name

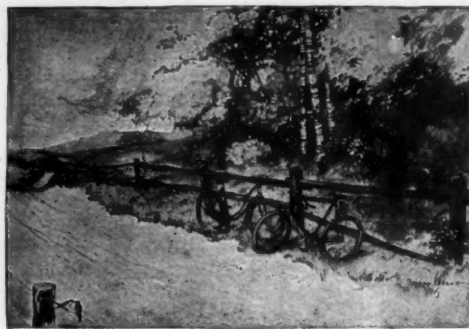
Address

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



HAND PAINTED. By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Colors, 12 x 14 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS. By Gordon Grant.
Photo Gelatine Print, 11 x 8 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE OPTIC NERVE. By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright 1910 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER. By Carl Hassmann.
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 11 x 8 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

MAKE HANDSOME
DECORATIONS FOR
COLLEGE ROOMS
CLUB ROOMS
THE PARLOR
THE LIBRARY
THE "DEN"

Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page
Catalogue of Reproductions
in Miniature

Address
PUCK
295-309 Lafayette St. NEW YORK.

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



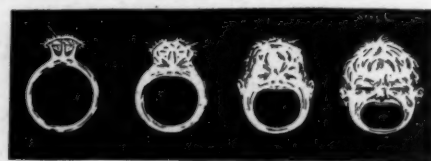
SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.
Photogravure in Sepia, 12 x 9 in.
By E. Frederick. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1911 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE OBSERVATION CAR. By Gordon Grant.
Print in Sepia, 12 x 9 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1906 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING. By Shef Clarke.
Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1908 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE FIRST AFFINITY. By Carl Hassmann.
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 1/2 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.
Smaller Size, 11 x 8 in. Price Twenty-five Cents.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



BUILT FOR SPEED—1912 MODEL. By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Colors, 12 x 14 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Made in America, Honored in France



ITS inimitable flavor, its brilliancy, the charm of its bouquet, makes one feel that this is indeed a delightfully rare wine.

Great Western

An American champagne, produced from the original formula of Dom Perignon, the first maker of champagne, the best French method of producing a rare, delightful, and delicious, sparkling wine. Its cost represents imported wine value, minus U. S. customs tax.

Awarded Gold Medal in competition with finest foreign wines at PARIS, FRANCE, 1867, 1889 and 1900; VIENNA, AUSTRIA, 1873, and BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, 1887 and 1910, thereby recognized and honored as superior, by European Connoisseurs.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Rheims, N. Y.

OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

THIS HANDSOME WATCH FOB

FREE

You like to HUNT and FISH.

Then surely you will enjoy the *National Sportsman* Magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full of overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, camp outfits—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The *National Sportsman* is just like a big camp-fire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun.

Special Offer

Mail us 25c. in stamps or coin for a 3 months' trial subscription to the *National Sportsman*, and we will send you absolutely

Free of Charge

one of these Handsome Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs with russet leather strap.

Don't Delay—Send your order To-day.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly Magazine

—FOR—

JANUARY

Brimsful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations

—by the—

BEST COMIC ARTISTS

Price Ten Cents per Copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

HAMPTON TERRACE

AUGUSTA GEORGIA

Magnificent Winter Resort Hotel.
OPEN JANUARY 14.

Situated in the most picturesque middle-south. Its accessibility from New York via railroad and steamship lines makes it available for Northern tourists.

18 HOLE GOLF COURSE
Miles of Automobile Roads

Dancing	Driving	Tennis	Billiards
Excellent	Cuisine	Garage	Orchestra
Bowling	Golf	Fishing	Shooting

For reservations and booklets address Georgian Terrace, Peachtree St. and Ponce de Leon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
Also Room 1704, 303 5th Ave., N. Y.

You Can Make \$1000 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and card. We want a million names quick. **TEEL DIRECTORY CO., MURLEVILLE, N. Y.**

MAYOR SHANK, of Indianapolis, is at least an original politician. He resigned.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

NEW BOOKS—"The Hair"—its physiology, anatomy, diseases and treatment—a scientific treatise published by the European specialist H. Achershaug, M.M.D. (Norway), has made a great sensation. "Its wonderful results have astonished the medical profession."—News. The Book, WITH SWORN STATEMENTS and doctors' endorsements, is sent FREE on receipt of 6c. for postage, &c. Address the author, H. Achershaug, M.M.D., 500-5th Ave., (F. A.), New York.

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF
RHEUMATISM
50¢ & 1.00 AT DRUGGISTS OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE 25 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

DEEP BREATHING

By D. O. Harrell, M.D.

I BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well-oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anæmic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that worry, fear, and intense mental concentration practically paralyze the breathing muscles. This depressing condition can be entirely overcome through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise" in reality means insufficient lung action. Exercise that does not compel vigorous deep breathing is of little real value. Unfortunately, few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action. This is especially true of women and also of men who have permitted their muscles to become weak. Common sense, therefore, dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently through deep breathing gymnastics.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled "Deep Breathing," by Paul von Boeckmann, R.S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, and "Internal Exercise." The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested with a number of my patients.

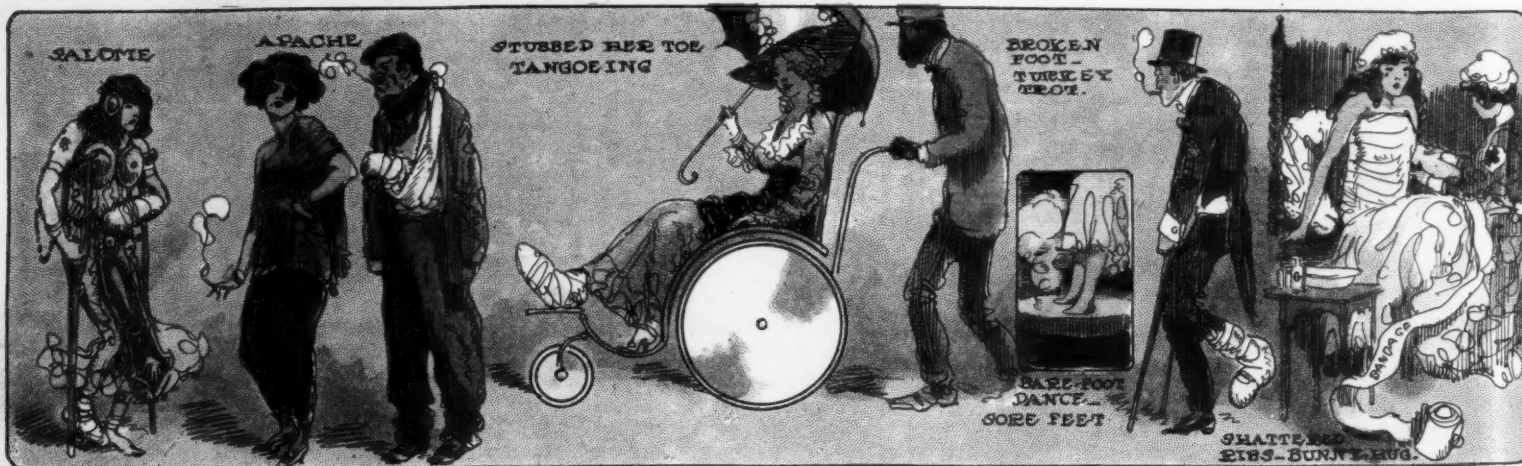
The booklet to which I refer can be obtained upon payment of ten cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. von Boeckmann directly at 2610 Tower Bldg., 110 W. 40th St., New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.

—Puck.

THE GENTLE ART OF TERPSICHORE.



DANCING IS SUPPOSED TO DEVELOP GRACE AND BEAUTY, BUT TO AN ONLOOKER-



IT SEEMS AS THOUGH IT OUGHT TO DEVELOP THE ABOVE.